

THE BATTLE CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT BY
CHARLES NEVILLE
BUCK

Then, as the foremost figure, crouching in easy range of a window, braced himself on one knee and peered forward under his upturned hat-brim, there came the reports of several rifles—but they were not the rifles of the McBriar squad, and they came not from the hills in front, but from the laurel at the back. They broke from directly between the carefully picked squad and its horses.

The man who had braced his knee and cocked his rifle gave out a brief, gurgling sound as an oath was stifled off in a hemorrhage of the throat, and pitched forward on his face. After that the figure lay without stirring, its own blood reddening the rifle whose trigger-guard pressed against its forehead.

The doors vomited men. There was a trailing and ragged outburst of fire-arms, and many dark figures plunged here and there across the silvered spaces where the shadows did not fall. Of the six men who had crept down, three had lain within one hundred



Slowly Three of the New Arrivals Hitched Their Way Forward.

yards of the house when the shots came from their rear. The other three were off at the side, ready to bring up the horses as close as might prove safe when the moment came for flight. But they, too, found themselves cut off. Had the man who fired on the one who was about to fire waited one minute longer, there would have been more deaths than the single one. His colleagues would then have been, like himself, covering their respective victims—victims who confidently thought themselves executioners. But as it was, they had not quite yet worked themselves into positions untrammelled by intervening rock and timber.

The man who fired first knew this, for he had not heard the perfectly imitated quaver of "scritch-owls" which was to signify a common readiness. But as he had eyed his crouching victim across his rifle-sights he had also been able to look beyond him, and had seen the figure of Cal Douglas pause at the lighted window. He knew that to wait a moment would be to wait too long. So the others had to fire blindly through the black undergrowth at speeding shadows—and they missed.

The fleeing murder squad melted back into the black timber, and some of them, signaling with the call of frog and owl, came together in temporary safety. They dared not go to their own horses, since they might be discovered in the effort. The road that led into the McBriar country would be watched. If they were to carry away unpunctured skins they must flee the other way—into the Havey territory and astride stolen Havey horses. It was every man for himself, and they had not paused to count noses. They hurriedly swung themselves into saddles at the remote end of the line of hitched mounts and galloped pell-mell down the road toward the cabin of Fletch McNash.

When the theft of the horses was discovered Anse Havey sent pursuing parties to ride the roads in both directions.

It had seemed to Havey wiser to withhold his warning from all save those whom he needed to use. To all the rest the affair had come without notice, and the hue and cry which followed the rifle-shots was genuine in its excitement.

But in a very few moments the pandemonium fell away and sullenness supplanted the shouting. The mountains behind, where several men were stealthily seeking escape and many others were stalking them, lay silent in the moonlight.

A hundred yards beyond the window a small and inquisitive knot of men gathered around a figure that had hunched forward, sprawling on a cocked rifle. Someone turned the figure up and straightened its limbs so that they should not stiffen in such

grotesque attitude. The face, with the yellow lantern-light shining down on it, was the face of a boy of twenty. Its thin lips were set in a grim smile of satisfaction, for death had overtaken him without a suspicion of its coming.

Perhaps, had a photograph of his retina been taken, it would have disclosed the portrait of Cal Douglas pausing at the open window.

"Hit's little Nash Watt!" exclaimed a surprised voice, using the diminutive which in the mountains takes the place of junior and stays with a man well on in life. The victim who had been designated to avenge the death

of Noah Watt had been Noah Watt's younger brother.

Meanwhile the pursuing horsemen were gaining slowly on those that fled. The murder squad had failed and must bear back to Milt McBriar, if they ever got back, a narrative of frustrated effort. They were bitterly angry and proportionately desperate. So, as they clattered along the empty road, meeting no enemy whom they could shoot down in appeasement of their wrath, they satisfied themselves with raising their war cry for the benefit of the sleeping cabins.

A little distance beyond Fletch McNash's place lay a cross-trail by which they might find a circuitous way back over the ridge, but it was too steep and broken to ride. They could make better time on foot over the "roughs," so there they abandoned their mounts and plunged into the timber. When the pursuers came up with the discarded horses they realized that further effort in the nighttime would be bootless. Yet, since the heaving flanks and panting nostrils of the horses testified that they had been only a few minutes late, they took a last chance and plunged into the thicket.

There a single defiant shot, sent from a long way up the hillside, was their only challenge, and their volley of reply, fired at the flash, was merely a retort of hatred. But even in the isolation of the hills certain news travels on wings, and the morning would find every cabin dweller wearing a face of grim and sullen realization. The phrase which Fletch McNash had whispered to his boy would travel to the headwaters of every fork, and the faces of the women would once more wear the drawn misery of anxiety for their men.

CHAPTER VII.

It was into this newly charged atmosphere that Juanita Holland and her missionary guide rode in the morning mist.

Good Anse Talbott was in many ways an inadequate ally. He was both narrow and illiterate, but he was earnest.

At last the girl rode resolutely up to her escort's saddle-skirts and asked: "Brother Talbott, hadn't you better tell me what it all means?"

The missionary lifted a face that was almost haggard.

"Hit means," he said, with no idea of irreverence, "thet Satan's got bot underholts—an' God help this country."

Then he sketched for her the history of the feud and deduced conclusions from what they had both seen and heard.

She listened with a sickening heart until he changed the subject and told her that the Widow Everson, with whom she was to stop, had a sizable house where she would be comfortable.

At last the girl saw, still a long way off, a fertile little valley, where the corn seemed taller and richer than on the scattered coves. There, like a tiny matchbox, on a high level near which the wall of mountain broke into a broad gateway, she could make out a house. It was not of logs, but of brick, and stood in an inclosure that looked more like the Blue Grass than the mountains.

"Does yee see yon brick house nigh ther gap? Thet's Bad Anse's place, an' over ther across ther ridge, three mile away by crow-flight an' a half-day's ride by ther roads, is whar Milt McBriar dwells. Yee kain't see hit from hyar."

It was almost sundown when they reached the house of the Widow Everson, and at sight of the woman standing at the fence to meet them Juanita's heart took strength. This house was not of logs, but of undressed boards, with gayly painted window and door frames of red, and although two days ago she would have called it mean, she had revised her views enough to regard it now as almost magnificent.

The widow dwelt here with her two sons, and the trio, by virtue of great diplomacy, had succeeded in maintaining a neutrality throughout the strife. The comforts of the place were such as must serve to give contentment where teaming is arduous and the mail carrier comes twice a week, but cleanliness dwelt there and homely cheer of a sort.

Before they had yet entered the house the girl saw a horseman ap-

proaching with an escort of several men who carried rifles balanced across their pommels. They came from the east, and though Juanita did not know who they were, she recognized the central rider, himself unarmed, to be a person of consequence.

He was tall, and under his faded coat his rather lean figure fell into an attitude of well-muscled strength despite his fullness of years.

"Evenin', ma'am," said the newcomer. "No, I hain't a-join' ter light. I jest heered thet Brother Talbott was a-comin' over hyar, an' I wanted speech with him."

The missionary nodded. "All right, Milt," he said, and the girl knew, as she had already suspected, that here was a second of her chief enemies.

"I reckon yee all knows what happened last night," she heard him saying slowly. "Hit war a pity, an' I hears thet ther Haveys are a-chargin' hit up ergin me. Thet's nat'ral enough, I reckon. They 'lows thet I'd walk plumb across hell on a rotten plank ter do 'em injury. Ef they stopped ter reason hit out a spell they'd recollect thet I went over thar ter Peril an' let a judge thet didn't own his own soul an' a jury they hed done packed, clar one of their kinfolks fer killin' a cousin o' mine—an' thet I never raised

a hand. I reckon they didn't hardly hev no call ter figger thet I was skeered of them. I done what I done because I wanted peace. I was fer lettin' ther law take hits co'se, even when I knowed the cote war crooked es a drunkard's elbow."

He paused, and no one spoke, so at last he went on again.

"But little Nash Watt war young an' hot-headed. He could hardly see hit in ther light of wisdom, and he didn't come ter me fer counsel. So he jest went hell-splittin' over thar with some other boys that he overpersuaded—an' he didn't come back. I'm sorry. I war right fond of little Nash, but I hain't complainin' none. He started trouble an' he got hit."

Again the dark giant paused; then he came to his point. His voice was regretful, almost sad, but tinged with resignation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WELL LET TOBACCO PASS.

Allies Declare Weed Immune From Blockade.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Senator Martin, of Virginia, has scored a victory in his effort to have tobacco destined to neutral ports in Europe released from the blockade maintained by the allies. The senator is informed today that the State department has a cablegram from the American minister at The Hague saying:

"Tobacco imports to Netherlands at present free from overseas restriction."

Consul General Skinner at London confirms this in a cablegram, declaring "that the British government agrees for the present not to interfere with cargoes of tobacco shipped to consignees in neutral countries."

Senator Martin understands this to be a diplomatic way of saying that the allies will no longer object to American tobaccos reaching Germany.

VILLA'S POWER BROKEN.

Abandons Nogales Without Firing a Shot—Has Only Small Force.

Nogales, Ariz. Nov. 27.—Gen. Villa's power has been shattered. Abandoning Nogales, Sonora, without firing a shot, the former powerful leader is in full retreat southward, with only a remnant of his once great army. Gen. Obregon, who occupied Nogales, stated that he has found the bodies of seventeen snipers, who were killed by the American troops in the fighting across the border. The Juarez garrison is reported to be ready to desert Villa when the Carranza troops appear.

WOMEN PLEAD FOR PEACE.

President Wilson Deluged With Letters and Telegrams.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The desire of the American women for peace found expression today when a delegation composed of Mrs. Henry Ford, Madame Resika Schwimmer, of Hungary, and Mrs. Earl Snowden, of England, urged President Wilson to lead in the peace move. More than twenty thousand telegrams and letters poured into the White House. Women's organizations all over the country held peace meetings. The president was deeply touched by the appeal but is convinced that the time is not opportune for action.

RETALIATORY MEASURES PLANNED.

Hoke Smith Leading Faction Demanding Action Against England.

Washington, Nov. 27.—With the assembling of Democrats for the session of congress it becomes more certain that retaliatory legislation against Britain will be enacted. Senator Hoke Smith today stated that "we of the South have been powerless until now. We are due to have our inning." A meeting of senators from the cotton States and the beef producing Western States is expected to be held in a few days at which a program will be mapped out.

TICKET OFFICE ROBBED.

More Than \$300 Reported Missing From Cash Drawer.—Police at Work.

Orangeburg, Nov. 26.—The Southern Railway passenger station was robbed here this morning, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock, a little over \$300 being stolen from the cash drawer in the ticket office. It was during this time, when there was no one on duty at the station, that the robber or robbers, with the aid of an axe, forced open the door leading into the ticket office from the colored waiting room, and then broke the lock of the drawer, secured the money and escaped. Evidence of the theft was discovered by Ticket Agent R. B. Hughes when he returned to his duties at the depot about 4 A. M. He found the door broken open, the axe lying nearby and the money gone from the drawer.

The matter was then reported to the police. Several suspects of the robbery were later arrested at Branchville, and a police officer was sent from here this morning to investigate as to their guilt; but as no evidence of their having been implicated in the theft could be procured, the parties were released. The axe was found to have been taken from the premises of a colored resident near the depot. No clue has yet been found as to whom the guilty party or parties are.

ILL HEALTH CAUSES SUICIDE.

Mrs. W. S. Thomas Dies at Own Hand in Yard of Home.

Florence, Nov. 25.—Mrs. W. S. Thomas, wife of a former street supervisor here, shot and killed herself shortly after noon today. She had been in ill health for some time, and recently had been very nervous. She left a note under her plate on the Thanksgiving dinner table telling her husband to take care of the children for her and that no one was to blame for what she was to do but her wretched state of health.

Mr. Thomas works at night in the Atlantic Coast Line shops and slept until noon when he arose and dressed for dinner. As he went into the other room of the house one of the children told him that her mother had gone in the yard with something in her hand and that he had better see. As he started into the yard he heard a pistol shot and found her dead. Her aim was true and steady and she did not live to suffer or to make any statement.

An inquest was held disclosing the facts as stated.

They were both highly respected people and Mrs. Thomas' ill health is alone to blame for the tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas came to Florence from Bennettsville five or six years ago.

SWANSON A CANDIDATE.

Virginian Wants to Be President Pro Tem of Senate.

Washington, Nov. 27.—Senator Swanson of Virginia today announced his candidacy for president pro tem of the senate in opposition to Clark, of Arkansas.

ATTACK ON PORK BARREL.

Secretary McAdoo Wants to Abolish Omnibus Public Buildings Bill.

Washington, Nov. 27.—Secretary McAdoo wants the omnibus public buildings bill abolished, and will ask congress to make appropriations on merit. Under the secretary's plans the buildings will be classified according to population, and appropriations will be reduced three-fourths in some instances. In many places buildings will be rented instead of erected.

TEN DEAD IN STORM.

Little Rock and Surrounding Country Suffer from Force of Storm.

Hot Springs, Nov. 26.—Ten dead, one fatally injured, and seven seriously injured is the toll of a storm which struck Hot Springs yesterday. Severe damage was done the surrounding country, but small in the city property. Communications are still crippled.

FIRE ON SHIP.

Bomb Caused Fire on British Ship Sailing from New York.

Bordeaux, Nov. 26.—A fire, believed to have been caused by a bomb placed on the vessel at New York, broke out on the British steamer Bankdale a few days after the vessel sailed from America, which the crew succeeded in extinguishing. The ship arrived here today.

President to See Football Game.

Washington, Nov. 26.—President Wilson and Mrs. Galt and their party will witness the army-navy football game tomorrow at New York. They will be the week-end guests of Col. House.

ANSWERS BANKERS' CRITICISM.

Comptroller of Currency Issues Statement in Reply to Repudiation of Usury Allegations.

Washington, Nov. 26.—In reply to criticisms of the American Bankers' association in connection with declaration that many national banks charge usurious interest rates, John Skelton Williams, comptroller of the currency, issued a statement tonight again giving instances of such practices.

Mr. Williams said it was true that a majority of the national banks obeyed the usury laws of the various States, but that the reports rendered to him showed, as he announced in speeches and previously published statements, that this was far from being universally true.

"The only States where there were no national banks which admitted under oath in their statements of September 2, 1915, that they were charging as high as 12 per cent. on any of their loans were Connecticut, Delaware, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin," said the statement. It added that reports of September 2, 1915, showed that 2,243 of the 7,613 national banks were charging 10 per cent. on some loans.

Mr. Williams suggested that hereafter national banks be required to print in their published statement of condition the maximum rate of interest charged. He expressed the hope that the association will work with the comptroller's office to end the practices complained of.

MANGLED UNDER TRAIN.

Lemuel D. Dantzler, A. C. D. Employee, Meets Tragic Death at Orangeburg.

Orangeburg, Nov. 25.—A deplorable accident occurred here this morning at 11.50 o'clock, causing the death of Lemuel D. Dantzler, flagman on the Atlantic Coast Line local freight, while the train was shifting here near the railroad station. The deceased fell between two box cars to the track and was run over, having his head and both arms practically severed. The remains were later brought to the undertaking establishment of W. Hampton Dukes, where Magistrate C. P. Brunson conducted the inquest at 4 p. m.

According to statements made at the inquest by the train crew and an employee at the Orangeburg Ice Manufacturing Company's plant, near the railroad track, who witnessed the accident, the engine with three box cars was shifting on the warehouse side track at which time Mr. Dantzler was on the top of the middle car, and apparently lost his balance in attempting to loose the break, when he fell between the moving cars and was run over by one car and a pair of the engine trucks. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by falling off a box car while in the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Dantzler was about 31 years of age and had been in the employ of the Atlantic Coast Line Company for some time. He is survived by his widow, who was formerly Miss Lena Hughes, of this city, and two children, who reside about two miles from the city, across the Edisto River. The community is shocked by this accident and the untimely death of this highly esteemed young man, and the deepest sympathy is felt for the bereaved ones. No funeral arrangements have yet been made.

Mr. Dantzler's run brought him through Sumter and he had a number of friends and acquaintances here to whom the news of his tragic death came this morning as a great shock.

PROTEST AGAINST SMOOT.

C. G. Patterson Claims That Utah Senator Represents Sugar Trust.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Registered letters protesting against Senator Smoot, of Utah, retaining his seat were received by every senator in Washington. It is alleged that Smoot represents the Idaho-Utah Sugar Company, the statement is signed by C. G. Patterson, of Salt Lake City.

FIGHT ON ADMITTING BOOKS.

Tom Watson Leads Legal Wrangle in His Own Behalf.

Augusta, Nov. 27.—Attorneys in Watson's trial today renewed their wrangle over the admissibility of testimony regarding books written by the defendant. Watson again led his own fight, winning his point when the court decided that books as a whole and not certain excerpts should form the basis for judging works.

Hot Supper.

The ladies of Graham church will give a Hot Supper for the benefit of the church on Friday night, December 3rd, at the residence of Mr. Robert Holladay, (the old Brogdon home). The public is invited to attend.

HELD ON SERIOUS CHARGE.

B. R. Swygert Arrested Yesterday—Criminal Assault Alleged—Is Married Man.

Columbia, Nov. 26.—B. R. Swygert, white, was lodged in the city jail yesterday, charged with criminal assault upon a girl about 15 years old. Swygert is a young married man, living in Brookland, but operates a pressing club on the 1500 block of Taylor street. The assault is alleged to have occurred in the shop Wednesday night about 7 o'clock. The arrest was made by F. S. Strickland and E. L. Kibler of the city detective force.

TO DISCUSS PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

Resolution Will Probably be Introduced at Meeting of National Guard Association.

Columbia, Nov. 27.—It is very probable that a resolution will be introduced at the meeting of the National Guard association today asking that the South Carolina delegation in congress support the programme for preparedness as outlined by President Wilson. The association will meet in the office of the adjutant general at the State house.

W. W. Moore, adjutant general, will make report to the association on the meeting of the national association in San Francisco.

Death of Mrs. Emily C. McKagen.

From The Daily Item, Nov. 27.

Mrs. Emily Cecile McKagen, widow of the late George P. McKagen of this city, died at 6 o'clock this morning at the home of her son, C. S. McKagen, 109 South Sumter street, after a short illness.

Mrs. McKagen before her marriage was a Miss Singleton. She was a daughter of Major William J. and Hortense Haynsworth Singleton, of this county, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed families of Sumter county.

The deceased was 70 years of age last September.

She is survived by six sons, Messrs. William J., Henry G., George P., Olie H., Charles S. of Sumter, and Herbert S. of Greenville, and one daughter, Mrs. George S. Morrison, of Columbia. Also by four brothers, Messrs. John W., Joseph R., Charles H., and Wesley B. Singleton, and one sister, Mrs. George H. Lewis, all of Sumter.

Mrs. McKagen lived all of her life practically in Sumter city and Sumter county. She was loved by hundreds of people for her motherly and charitable deeds and sweet disposition. Her Christian life and character were inspirations to those who came in contact with her.

She was a devoted member of Trinity Methodist church of Sumter since her girlhood days. She took a great interest in church work, and she was liberal with those in distress to the extent of her means. In sickness and distress she was a good Samaritan to those in need of kindness, assistance and sympathy. A devoted wife, mother and sister, she was a true and loyal support to her large family, all of whom were devoted to her.

She will be sadly missed by her family and friends.

Her funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock tomorrow, (Sunday) morning, from the residence of her son, C. S. McKagen, 109 South Sumter street, Rev. R. S. Truesdale, of Trinity Methodist church officiating. Interment at Sumter cemetery.

Messrs. L. D. Jennings, C. M. Hurst, E. C. Haynsworth, S. H. Edmunds, Bartow Walsh and T. S. Joye will serve as pall bearers.

Death.

Died last Monday at her home at Silver, Miss Annie Thames. The deceased was well known in Manning, having worked here at different times as trained nurse. She had been in bad health for a long time. Miss Thames was a daughter of the late C. C. Thames, and a sister of Mr. J. Walton Thames, formerly of this town. The funeral took place in the Manning cemetery Tuesday, conducted by Rev. L. B. McCord.—Manning Times.

Fined for Dynamiting Fish.

On last Monday Game Warden Grumble brought Tom Brown, colored, before Magistrate Heriott for using dynamite in Santee, but State Game Warden A. A. Richardson was here, and agreed to compromise the case for \$100.00, without trial. Brown was in the boat with Fraiser Dixon, when in shooting fish with dynamite, Dixon was killed about two weeks ago.—Manning Times.

Marriage.

Gleaton Eugene Green, of Shiloh, and Miss Sallie Robinson, of Turbeville, were married on Thursday afternoon at the parsonage of the First Baptist church by the Rev. W. E. Thayer. At the same time another couple from Clarendon county were married, but the names of the parties could not be ascertained.